796 Three of four of the natives followed up the hill, carrying the coconut
123 and yams for us. When they got to the top they begged us for some red paint, so we gave them a half-full tobacco tin, and they returned to the singsing. The drumming and singing continued all afternoon and at least as long as we were awake that evening. It was quite effective while we were lying in bed listening to it.

October 16,1936

123 Yesterday Wisep went to Yambon (a Sepik river village) and returned with three ducks to supply
[797 a few eggs for us. He also brought back his wife and child. The wife has
191 spent some time at a mission somewhere, speaks pidgin and wears European clothes. She
391 seems to have quite alot of natural dignity.
177]

We worked on language both yesterday and today, correcting and revising.
126 We have a workable set of phonemes which are by no means final, but which seem
194 to coincide with the evidence that we have. For vowels we have found i, e, ɨ, o, u and ɛ̈ . Consonants b, d, g, (lenis and unaspirated) m, n, v (bilabial) s, š , y, j, l and ər. The unvoiced complements of some of these are found in whispered syllables; quite a few of these syllables are found in the final position. The general structure of the language seems to be cvcvcvCV.
126 Length and stress seem to vary together. We have recorded the names of the
193 various parts of the body, and quite a few everyday objects; a few of the more common verbs and some of their variant forms. The word order seems to be noun-adjective-verb. There are singular, plural, and dual pronomial forms which vary when used subjectively or objectively. Subject precedes object. Ha is the imperative particle, saga expresses negation. We have not been able to make much sense out of tenses yet.

114 Yesterday the houseboys dug a garden and we planted some sweetcorn, watermelon, beets and lettuce. Let's hope it comes up.

123
114 we started back immediately it would be dark before we reached home. While it was disappointing not to see the gardening, we had observed enough to make the trip worthwhile. We finally reached our house more dead than alive. Tip's leather boots turned out to be not without their drawbacks, for he had developed a couple of very ugly blisters. We were so tired that night that we couldn't sleep.

October 23, 1936.

126 On the 20th it rained practically all day and we sat at home working on the
114 notes we had collected the day before and some more on the language. On the 21st it rained intermittently. Quite a few of the natives dropped in during
123 the day and we recorded their geneologies. We were disconcerted and somewhat
[754] cast-down by the fact that a report came in from several sources that the older men were attempting to sorcerize us. They did not like the idea of our playing father to the children and young men, or keeping them from their work.
[648] Yesterday, however, we were relieved by talking to Sof, one of the men who
[464] had worked on a white plantation. He came in with a bunch of bananas to
[191] barter. He is an intelligent young man who speaks pidgin very well. We asked him about the reaction of the old men. At first he denied the report, but then admitted it. He told us not to pay any attention to the old men, however, for all the young men liked us and wanted us to stay. He added very expressively in pidgin that he didn't have a damn for the old men, and we shouldn't either.

126 Then he gave us an excellent and complete geneology; we took his physical measurements, and got some information from him on the social organization. Both Bangus and Washuk have three phratries each with a name and a
615 house tamberan.* A man belongs to the phratrie of his father and cannot marry
582 a woman of this phratrie. Although he may marry into the section of his mother, it is preferable not to do so. As Sof expressed it, the phratrie with which you

* This turned out to be a misinterpretation (see introduction)

October 20, 1936.

114 Yesterday after breakfast Mar took us to the place where he and his father were planting yams. We had made the arrangements the day before; Mar had said that it was not very far away, and so, despite the rain, we decided to go. [134] [133] What a trip! The soil here is largely made up of a sort of greasy mica which is the next thing to ice in slipperyness when it gets wet. Further, almost the entire journey was either up or down slopes varying from thirty to sixty degrees. Occasionally the tree roots provided some foothold, or in the steepest places little niches had been cut into the mud. Most of the time we were 'skating'. At least a dozen times my feet suddenly went out from under me and I fell. Tip was wearing leather boots and therefore did not fare so badly [148] as I with my tennis shoes. Mar, barefoot, padded along with a knee bending, heel and toe gait which allowed most of the surface of his splay feet to be on the ground at one time. He never seemed to slip. After about two and a half hours, we finally arrived at the 'bush house', soaked by rain and mud from without, and sweat from within.

126 While we were taking notes on the material culture we found there, Mar, 123 and Marok, who was already there when we arrived, cooked some yams for us. 262 They were boiled in a round bottomed pot made without kick. (These pots 252 are made by the coiling method and traded with the River people for shells.) [415] They also cooked a bird of paradise which Tip had shot on the way with the twenty- [323] two. It was placed on the fire, feathers and all. By the time it was done [439] the feathers had all burned off. The meat was then torn off and eaten. It [263] tasted excellent; the yams with some salt on them were good too. This salt [317] was some that we had given them, but they say that they have a salt mine in the mountains somewhere.

123 After our meal, Sof took us to his house. We stopped to smoke a cigarette and then expected to see some yam planting, but the natives said that unless

I noticed some spears
353 on a rack just under the ridgepole. There was one larger than the rest
411 and ornamented with cockatoo feathers. It was not an ordinary pig spear, but
[237] used only to kill men. I had Mar take it down, and we went back to our house with it where I took a picture of Mar about to hurl it at an imaginary enemy.

619 Earlier in the afternoon we heard someone yelling from a distance.
586 The boys about the house answered it and told us that the Tangwishamp had
[721] stolen a Waskuk woman. There was some excitement about this. They said that in the days before the white government, this would have meant a fight, but that now, if the report turned out to be true, they would "make court" against the culprits at Ambunti. This morning, as far as we could make out, the story was not true. It seems rather that the Tangwishamp are sending back a Waskuk woman whom one of them had married. She is for some reason unsatisfactory to them. This seems to be accepted by the Waskuk as a perfectly justifiable action.

124 November 20, 1936. A week ago we told the Waskuk that we would like some of the "savvy talks" to come around during the day, and we would pay them as informants. Until then we have worked with them only when they have happened around; the rest of the time we've worked with the kids who are always around the house. As a result of this call at least one of them has been at our house almost every day from breakfast until bed time, and we are nearly
[126] swamped trying to keep up with what they have to say. We are trying to organize our information as we go along rather than leave it in the form of raw notes. As a result it seems to take a great while to record very little, but this seems to be the only way to know where we stand and what questions to ask. During the past few days we have been working on the kinship system. It is not complete, and there are probably mistakes in it. We have also collected miscellaneous bits of information on history,--they have migrated a short distance a few generations ago; headhunting and cannibalism--one

115 have made a better choice. I got some texts on the whistling language. It is a surprisingly well developed form of communication and as far as I can tell, independent of their spoken language. It consists of different combinations of three factors,--two tones and a stop. These can be spoken or shouted with a high tone, a low tone, and the glottal stop. It can be whistled, or, for very long distances, blown through a large open whistle of bamboo.

One of the most interesting things that Eve told us was evidences of Malay bird of paradise hunters in the area roughly west of a line drawn from here northward to the coast, and extending to the Dutch border. This is evidenced by the fact that the natives would come out and pantomime shooting a gun and using a ramrod, and would jabber to him a few words of Malay Pidgin. He checked up on its being Malay Pidgin by looking it up when on leave and learning enough so he was able to answer them on his next trip in. Another thing of interest is a homogeneous culture area about eight days march south of Aitape--very thickly populated, about eight-hundred to the village, very friendly, with food aplenty, and as yet untouched by recruiters, etc.

126 After Eve left, we worked on revising our phonemes. Our first rough attempt was not satisfactory. The one we have now is better, but still far from perfect. We also went over all the words we had collected, revised them and arranged them alphabetically in a loose leaf dictionary. We find that we have about four-hundred — not enough, and a particular paucity of verbs [124] [123] which are rather hard to get at. It is difficult to get texts because the myths are supposedly esoteric and only recently have people been willing to [196] tell us any. From this dictionary we have made, several interesting word configurations and a promise of more have appeared - for instance sugilewas

126 which seems to mean 'sacred' is the term for the ghosts of powerful men,
196 for the big masks on the alter at the "singsing", and is a special term of greeting meaning something like 'hail, powerful man' or perhaps more accurately it is a sort of cult shibboleth. Then there is sukwiyewé which is 'to dream' and sukwié which is the term for "singsing" and another term for the sacred masks. Since they translate dreaming into pidgin as "look in tamberunk(ghosts)," there are seems to be some connection which may throw some interesting light on their theory of dreams. We have already noted that the subject of their dreams is almost universally dead people. Such a bias would have to be allowed for if any Freudian interpretation was attempted....Then there is the term wofu which means 'mother's brother's wife' and 'lungs'. This we can make no sense of except that the lungs are thought to be non-functional appurtenances.

124 This reminds us that a week or so ago, Kar, one of the most intelligent of the "savvy talks", came in and we got from him their knowledge of anatomy. (See Part III, Ethnophysiology)

114 To get back to the present, after we had finished the dictionary, there was a rainy spell. No informants came around, and we did not feel like sloshing around to look them up. Both of us were pretty low. We figured that we hadn't gotten anything worth while, and the chances of our doing so were pretty slim. We felt that the people were so scattered about that it was very difficult to observe anything like village life, let alone anything on our special projects. We even thought of moving to some other place - Yambon, for instance. We were not very serious about this, however, because it would not be worth while to lose what little we already had.

124 The only thing to break the monotony of the rainy days was a great deal of talk one evening down below at Wof's house. He is our nearest neighbor and his house is about forty or fifty yards down the hill. This talk kept
000 up long after they were settled for the night. It turned out the next

794 The word sugilawas which John spoke of before seems to be a horn of
[124] plenty for information although we are far from ready to define it. Through talking of it we found out that there are three (?, groups, or something) named yenengara, minjama, and nokwisugwi which are sugilawas "true" . These seem to be male secret societies which function at ceremonies and which sometimes have ceremonies of their own. The first two of these we know to have emblems, small wooden figures and face masks, and large face masks respectively. How membership is determined in the first two is still a question. From the few cases we have it seems that if a man is in yenengara his first son will be minjama, his second yenengara, etc. But there also seems to be movement upwards as if they were based on age grades. Nokwisugwi seems to stand considerably above the other two. Men of our own age are not allowed in it. Payment of pig and possibly other foods is necessary for admission.

After tomorrow we will be able to tell more of this last group for we are to be allowed to attend a ceremony of this kind now underway in the
[534] Abagalis sib. A wooden trumpet has been blown down there for the last two days. No attention is supposed to be paid to it and only initiates are supposed to
[562] know what is taking place. Our house"monkis" however tell us in whispers that it is a singsing for maris, that all the wives goes out into the bush while
[534] the men "work something" in the house tamberan. Later on they go out and round up the women and then furiously beat a water drum made of a small canoe.
123 We feel duty bound to go out and shoot a couple of pigs now. Our progress through these grades of prestige has been unprecedented, I am sure. If we can only make the good-will that we have gained pay dividends in facts we should have something to show when we are through.

126 I am rather disappointed in the possibilities for photography here. I don't like to risk smashing my Leica when I'm stumbling about in the bush,

126 and the men are averse to having pictures taken of their more esoteric ceremonies. Some of the women had a "cross" on with me a while ago for taking a lot of photos of their trading with Yambon. They seem to have a sense of shame at their nakedness.

Developing our negatives is a risky business. By rising before six we can usually get our solutions to 70°F. But once we start to develop, we are at the mercy of the weather. If a mist sets in, it is likely to last all morning so that is takes an entire day for the negatives to dry as they should.

796 (Again Tip).
December 17th, 1936./ The nokwi sugwi which we attended a week ago today was a banner occasion. We had heard it called, in pidgin, "singsing bilong mari", so we were ready for anything up to ceremonial rape. The morning was cold and rainy and only a few men were at the house tamberan beating the huge gong. We had arranged to go down to Abagalis with War, but we had [302] to wait about half an hour while he 'dressed'. This consisted of smearing [301] his body with a sticky oil, drawing a black band with charcoal around the hair line of his face, carefully painting his face with ochre powder, putting on broad shell-washer arm bands and a tiny rope of shells across the forehead, and finally sticking a bird of paradise 'duster' in his hair.

During this process we talked with War's brothers who are "finish-timers" of our age. These lads are still too young to go to this ceremony. What the qualifications are we do not know, but have an idea that the members [417] fulfill the homicide qualification. When we arrived at Abagalis we found that a high fence of sago fronds had been erected around the clearing at the north end of the house tamberan. Near the center was a 10' x 3' pit [534] dug in the ground and half filled with water. In the water suspended by both ends was what we will call a water gong. It is made of the good

123 some sort of fearful retaliation. I can't quite sense it. It comes to
156 consciousness in a feeling that I won't be liked, and I have an over-
[626] whelming desire to be liked by everyone. This sanction of the mores by direct physical punishment is also quite foreign to me in a cultural sense, and it is very difficult for me to accept it in this as well as the unconscious psychological sense. This is a point on personality and culture or the personality of culture.

123 I sat around at the house tamberan for a while. Wof came down. Mar,
726 Mes, Gwiyap and May were there. War began talking to Mes in a low tone. He said something about my musket and Yelagu. I guessed what it was, and later Gwiyap told me that War was suggesting that May get the musket and go with him and wipe out the Yelagu people. Mes and Mar reacted to this by getting very excited and dancing up and down in the house tamberan. In the middle of this talk Chinuwa called out that there was somebody in my house stealing something. The house boys and I ran up, but it turned out to be a dog and Chinuwa's imagination. I told Gwiyap and Mar that this musket business could not be, for word would get to the police about it, and I would be hanged along with the rest of them. If War wanted to shoot them with a spear, it was his business.

● 126 April 14, 1937. This morning Yafonongwis, Kwalump, Ambe, Evelas, and
721 War came up ornamented, and I took a picture. Kwalump and Kwonai asked me
726 whether I would tell the police if they went on a head-hunting raid. I
[123] told them no, that it was their business. May told me that the time was set for tomorrow morning, that they were making soup now. Men were going by the house all morning to pull Merok's canoe. In the afternoon they came back and feasted at Rumbima. Awa visited in the afternoon, and I got some information from him. He said he did not want to eat with the others

000 May 14, Gwiyap 12, Mar 17. Mas is the same age as Mar.

Afok came up, said that the talk has died over Sof and the cook, and that the story was not true. He had not hit her with an axe but with a kunde (Wenka kumba) and had bruised her mouth and eyebrow.

April 21, 1937. Kar and Kis came early this morning. Pwisambi went by before dawn to work taking out the yams of her mother's brother. Kar was 685 decorating a new wafa agusa. Kar said he had gone to court about Wog's 587 house burning. The situation is this: Ngasawar went away to work for the 684 white men and died there --Awa, also of Sumwa Sumwa married his widow through 578 the operation of the levirate. The other day he had intercourse with the wife 582 of Nayamatanp, Wajumbai, who is now working at Bulolo. This is a double breach of the mores -- first marrying brother's wife and second, being married to 2 women who call each other laka kumwa (older sister-younger sister). Woyafoka was justly angry about this and made a big fuss. He called Awa some names he didn't like and challenged him to fight, etc.

Awa was incensed at this and came to Wog's house late at night and set fire to it. Wog did not wake up until the fire was well under way, so he had no time to save any of his property. The next day Awa fled to Tongwishamp with his two wives.

582 Kar said that the reason War gave for not wanting to let Aya marry Mar was because he had already married one girl from Woyanoka and it is against the mores to marry two women from the same sib unless the first wife had died.

578 Gwiyap said that if Awa had stayed he would have been speared by Way. The others would have assisted by holding Awa.

123 I worked with War most all day and washed photographs in the afternoon.
126 Marok and Kaopyup came asking for theirs.

126 I spent the afternoon drawing the house tamberan. Way, Yat, Kis and
000 War were sitting in the Police House, War working a nasas from limbon. Kis was working on Kar's nasas. At about 3:30, Way got up and worked on his gong. War came over and discussed it with him. Wof visited me--Yat went to Marok's and the two went to Sombundura. Pokotay and Afok came up just before sunset.

123 This morning Kum was in the "kai kai" room while I was working--he asked me for a cigarette butt. I told him he was karagarda yikafa; he was preoccupied for a moment and then, still preoccupied, kicked me and then turned to other things. For the last couple of days he has come up to me and pulled my arm about--I have resisted him a little, and he has gritted his teeth and yanked and seemed to get great pleasure from moving it.

836 Gwiyap just came back from the house tamberan at 8 p.m. I asked him if he thought Gwanta would come up--he said he didn't know. He was not as excited tonight as he was this afternoon; I feel he doesn't believe she'll come.

754 Then he said he wanted to make poison against Way and that he wanted to
584 marry Gwanta. I remarked she was his nowa. He said nevermind, she was nowa-"nothing" (sumba sumba nowa--real sister is nowa sakana).

April 23, 1937. Gwiyap has gone down to Yat's, so he says, obviously to
754 get a glimpse of Gwanta. She did not come last night. War, Way and a group from Wanyi went by with spears to a sorcery court at Sowinambi's. His wife is still sick.

863 Kaya just scolded Kum for defecating close to the house. "You clean it up; if you do it again I'll spank you." Now he has run away. Kaya is calling and looking for him and has sent Way in search for him. Chinawa and Wof have gone to scrape sago, and Kaya is staying at the house. Gwiyap and Way searched in vain but came back after a short while.

February 13, 1937.

126 Yesterday Tip left. Owiyap and I put the ceremonial figures in boxes.
+115 Owiyap had a dream last night. Some master whom he did not know was
787 living here and had a lot of boxes which he and all the other Hongwem carried down to the pinnace. The boxes were very large and heavy. When they reached the market place, the master found that one box was missing; he was very cross, and sent them back to look for it. Owiyap finally found that another Hongwem had taken it to his house. He reported this to the "kiop" at Ambunti who told him that if he returned the box it would be all right.

602 Kwiya came by carrying firewood and Owiyap yelled something bawdy
+115 several times. She answered, evidently in the same vein. I asked Owiyap if she understood him. He said that she did, but that it was all right
+115 between 'brother' and 'sister'. Then he said that he thought it would be
836 good to go away with me, for so many girls liked him and had intercourse
883 with him that he would get in trouble, and then he recounted his conquests again: Kwiya, Awa, Way's older daughter, Mas' sister, and Sowinambi's daughter. I asked him if he hadn't had intercourse with Way's other daughter. His face dropped and he said that he hadn't -- that she didn't like him. Then he brightened and said that she was no good anyway--"bona nothing." (To me the two seem nearly of an age and look very much alike.) Then he said that Mas' sister was the best of all--she has a very large vagina. He cautioned me not to tell Mar about having intercourse with his sister (Awa), for "he would fight me." "No, he would not fight me, but I would have shame."

He came in this afternoon about four, sweating, and boasted that he had just had intercourse twice with Awa in their house. May came in, and he kept still. Later he said that he didn't want May to know, for he might tell Mar.